

The Adams Sentinel.

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ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXT."—Washington.

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VOL. II.

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1851.

NO. 17.

Choice Poetry.

"See that ye fall not out by the way."

GLAS. 45: 24

BY MISS M. L. G. DALL.

See that ye fall not from your love,
Nor differ by the way;
This warning words might well be given
To us of latter day.
For oh! how oft Revenge and Hate,
Maligne and bitter Strife,
Their shadows dark and long have cast
About the walks of life;
And tress, the fondest best, are riven,
By careless words in anger given.

Art thou the friend bound heart to heart,
By earth's most sacred tie;
And would'st thou that Love's holy flame
Should burn unquenched and bright?
Guard well the passions' dark recess,
Nor let one angry word pass.

One, like thee, who loves thee true,
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FORGET NOT THE UNHAPPY.

Forget not the unhappy,
Amid the bright and gay,
The world can give you no true joy,
That it will not take away;
Make much then of the moments
Ye never can renew,
And forget not the unhappy,
For oh! their friends are few.

Their friends are few, and family
They who comfort now,
And offer sweet advice,
With cold and cunning brow;
Each minute they are gazing,
Upon their watch to go,
Oh! forget not the unhappy,
For kindness cometh slow.

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Mrs. Bain was still struggling with her cross and troublesome child, when the voice of her impatient husband reached her. The sound caused a throb of intense pain to pass through her aching head.

"Jane, make haste! Breakfast is all getting cold and I'm in a hurry to go away to business," was called once more.

"Do have a little patience. I'll be there in a moment," replied Mrs. Bain.

"A moment! This is always the way," said Mr. Bain more and more backwardly and forwardly.

Meantime the wife hurriedly completed her own toilet, and then repaired to the dining room. She was just five minutes too late.

One glance at her pale, suffering face, should have changed to sympathy and pity the ill-humored, her thoughtless, impatient husband. But it was not so. The moment she appeared, he said:

"This is too bad, Jane! I've told you over and over, that I don't like to wait after the fall things. My mother was always promptly at her place, and I'd like my wife to imitate so good an example."

Perhaps nothing could have hurt Mrs. Bain more than such a cruel reference to her husband's mother, coupled with so unfeeling a declaration of his will concerning her—as if she were to be the mere creature of his will.

A sharp reply was on the tongue of Mrs. Bain; but she kept it back. The pain in her head subsided all at once; but a weight and oppression in her breast followed that was almost suffocating.

Mr. Bain drank his coffee, and cut his steak and toast, with a pretty fair relish;—for he had a good appetite and a good digestion—and was in a state of robust health.

But Mrs. Bain eat nothing. How could she eat? And yet, it is but the truth to say, that her husband, who noticed the fact, attributed her abstinence from food more to temper than want of appetite. He was aware that he had spoken too freely, and attributed the consequent change in his wife's manner to anger rather than a wounded spirit.

"Do you want anything?" asked Mr. Bain, on rising from the table and turning to leave the room. He spoke with more kindness than previously.

"No," was the wife's brief answer, made without lifting her eyes to her husband's face.

"In the sulks,"

Mr. Bain did not say this aloud, but such was his thought, as he turned away and left the house. He did not feel altogether comfortable of course. No man feels comfortable while there is a cloud upon the brow of his wife, whether it be occasioned by peevishness, ill-temper, bodily or mental suffering. No, Mr. Bain did not feel altogether comfortable, nor satisfied with himself, as he walked along in his store; for there came across his mind a recollection of having heard the baby fretting and crying during the night; and also of having seen the form of his wife moving to and fro in the chamber, while he lay snugly reposing in bed.

But, these were unpleasant images, and Mr. Bain thrust them from his mind.

While Mr. Bain took his morning walk to his store, his lungs freely and pleasantly expanding in the pure, invigorating air, his wife, to whose throbbing temples the anguish had returned, and whose relaxed muscles had scarcely enough tension to support the weight of her slender frame, slowly and painfully began the work of getting her two oldest children ready for school. This done, the baby had to be washed and dressed. It screamed during the whole operation, and when, at last, it fell asleep upon her bosom, she was so completely exhausted that she had to lie down. Tears wet her pillow as she lay with her babe upon her arm. He, to whom alone she had a right to look for sympathy, for support, and for strength in her many trials, did not appear to sympathize with her in the least. If he looked sober from the pressure of pain, fatigue, or domestic trials, he became impatient and sometimes said, with cruel thoughtlessness, that he was tired of clouds and rain, and would give the world for a wife who could smile now and then. If, and he had many household cares and duties to his head, he would not have been so kind to her. He would not have been so kind to her. He would not have been so kind to her.

As Mrs. Bain stood, with pale face, closed eyes, and tightly compressed lips, still clasping her throbbing temples, the bell announcing the morning meal was rung. The sound caused her to start, and she said, in a low, and fretful voice—

"There's the breakfast bell, and I'm not ready yet to have it! I could have said, 'How my head aches!' I am alone at breakfast with the pain."

Then she resumed her work of dressing Charles, who struggled, cried and resisted, until she was done.

Mr. Bain was already up and dressed. He was seated in the parlor, enjoying his morning paper, when the breakfast bell rung. The moment he heard the sound, he threw down his newspaper, and leaving the parlor, ascended to the dining room. His two oldest children were there, ready to take their places at the table.

"Where's your mother?" he inquired of one of them.

"She's dressing Charles," was answered.

"Never ready in time," said Mr. Bain, to himself, impatiently. He spoke in an under tone.

For a few moments he stood with his hands on the back of his chair. Then he walked twice the length of the dining room; and then he went to the door and called—

"Jane! Jane! Breakfast is on the table."

"I'll be there in a minute," was replied by Mrs. Bain.

"Oh, yes! I know something about your minutes," Mr. Bain said to himself.

"This never being in time annoys me terribly. I'm always ready. I'm always up to time. But there's no regard to time in this house."

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part of its preparation to her was to have it spoiled.

With a sigh, Mrs. Bain arose from the bed. At first she staggered across the room like one intoxicated, and the pain, which had subsided during her brief slumber, returned again with added violence. But, really sick as she felt, she went down to the kitchen and passed full two hours there in the preparation of delicacies for her husband's dinner. And what was her reward?

"This is the worst call's head soup you ever made. What have you done to it?" said Mr. Bain, pushing the plate of soup from before him, with an expression of disgust on his face.

There were tears in the eyes of the suffering wife, and she lifted them to her husband's countenance. Steadily she looked at him for a few moments; then her lips quivered, and the tears fell over her cheeks. Hastily rising, she left the dining room.

"It is rather hard that I can't speak without having a scene," muttered Mr. Bain, as he tried his soup once more. It did not suit his taste at all; so he pushed it from him, and made his dinner of something else.

As his wife had been pleased to go off up stairs in a huff, just at a word, Mr. Bain did not feel inclined to humor her. So, after finishing his dinner, he took his hat and left the house, without so much as seeking to offer a soothing word.

Does the reader wonder that, when Mr. Bain returned in the evening, he found his wife so seriously ill as to make it necessary to send for their family physician? No, the reader will not wonder at this. But Mr. Bain felt a little surprised. He had not anticipated anything of the kind.

Mrs. Bain was not only ill, but delirious. Her feeble frame, exhausted by maternal duties, and ever-beginning, never-ending household cares, had yielded under the accumulation of burdens too heavy to bear.

For awhile after Mr. Bain's return, his wife talked much, but incoherently; then she became quiet. But her fever remained high, and inflammation tended strongly towards the brain. He was sitting by the bedside about ten o'clock, alone with her, when she began to talk in her wandering way again, but her words were distinct and coherent.

"I tried to do right," said she, sadly. "But my head aches so that I did not know what I was doing. Ah me! I never please him now in any thing. I wish I could at ways look pleasant—cheerful. But I can't. Well! well! it won't last forever. I never feel well—never—never—never! And I'm so faint and weak in the morning! But he has no patience with me. He doesn't know what it is to feel sick. Ah me!"

And her voice sighed itself away into silence.

With what a rebuking force did these words fall upon the ears of Mr. Bain! He saw himself in a new light. He was a domestic tyrant, and not the kind and thoughtful husband.

A few days, and Mrs. Bain was moving about her house and among her children once more, pale as a shadow, and with lines of pain upon her forehead. How different was the new created by her husband!

With what considerate tenderness he regarded her! But, alas! he saw his error too late! The gentle, loving creature, who had come to his side ten years before, was not much longer to remain with him. A few brief summer came and went, and then her frail body was laid amid the cloths of the valley.

Alas! how many, like Mrs. Bain, have thus passed away, who, if truly loved and cared for, would have been the light of now darkened hearts, and the blessing and joy of now motherless children and bereaved husbands.

THE DOCTOR.

It is not only for the sick man, but the sick man's friends, that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly. How we all wish to have a doctor! What an emotion the thrill of his carriage wheels in the street, and at length at the door, has made us feel! How we long upon his words, and what a comfort we get from a smile or two, if he can condescend to smile upon us, or to look into our faces, and to know if there is hope for the sick infant that cannot speak, and that has yet to its little frame battling with fever? Ah, how she looks into his eyes! What thanks if there is light there; what grief and pain if he casts them down, and does not say "hope." Or it is the house-dog that is stricken. The terrified wife looks on what the physician feels his patient's worst, smothering her agonies, as the children have been called to stay their play and their talk.

Over the patient in the fever, the wife expects, the children miss, the doctor stands as if he were fate, the dispenser of life and death; he must let the patient off this time, the woman prays for his respect. One can fancy how awful the responsibility must be to a conscientious man, how cruel the feeling that he has given the wrong remedy, or that it might have been possible to do better; how harassing the sympathy with survivors, if the case is unfortunate—how great the delight of victory!

"A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he's dying, all that's necessary is to look half dead yourself."

Dr. Park, the African traveler, speaks of a tree growing in the interior of Africa, and which he calls the Butter tree, whose seeds by pressure afford a white, firm, butter, which even in that climate, will keep a year without salt.

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Don't Fret.

It is unamiable. A fretting man or woman is one of the most unlovely objects in the world. A wasp is a comfortable house-mate in comparison—it only stings when disturbed; but an habitual fretter buzzes if he don't sting, with or without provocation. "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a fretting woman in a wide house." It is useless. It sets no broken bones, stops no leaks, gathers no spilled milk, cements no smashed pitchers, cures no spoiled hay, and changes no cast winds. It affects nobody but the fretter himself. Children or servants cease to respect the authority or obey the commands of a complaining, worrisome, exacting parent or master. They know that "barking dogs don't bite," and fretters don't strike, and they conduct themselves accordingly.

Perseverance and Tact.

The following is related in the New York Tribune, as illustrative of what may be done by sticking to a point:—"An early pioneer of the settlement of Kentucky, before she became a State, a great many professional men" were attracted to her fresh "openings," and the bar of Lexington (her chief village) was especially numerous and able. The lawyers compensating for the business, had a sort of understanding that no new aspirant was to be admitted within their circle or allowed to get a footing in their courts, so far as the influence of the bar could prevent it. Several beginners were thus shouldered out for a considerable period. At length a raw young fellow happened to be employed in a case, and the old heads opposed made a dead set at him, as was to be expected. This treatment at first embarrassed but soon roused him, and he gave back full measure for what he received, and a little extra. The spectators became excited, and began to take sides with the new entrant. One of the old heads leaned across the aisle, and whispered to his brother counsellor—"We shall have to let this young man pass." So they did. He has since become pretty widely known as Henry Clay.

The Invalid Abroad.

It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our own home. Tell not the invalid, who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft, that the gates are filled with balm, and that the flowers are springing from the green earth; he knows that the softest air in his heart, would be the air which hangs over his native land; that, more grateful than all the gates of the south, would breathe low whispers of anxious affection; that the very fields, clinging to his own eaves, and snow, beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes than the bloom and verdure which only remind him how far he is from that one spot, which is dearer to him than all the world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends, who will do all in their power, to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long known and long loved; they cannot read as in a book, the pure language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits, and anticipated his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts to them. He feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction—"May you die among your kindred!"—Greenwood.

A Picture of Life.

When I look to my early and middle life, says Goethe, and reflect how few are left of those who were young with me, I always think of a summer's stay at a watering place. When you arrive, you make acquaintances and friends of those who have been there for some time, and who leave in a week or two. The loss is painful. Then you attach yourself to the second generation, with whom you live for a good while, and establish a close intimacy. But they go away also, and leave you alone with the third, which arrives just as we are going away, and with whom we have, besides, nothing to do.

Life is a battle, how mad must be he who fails to arm himself for the contest. If life be a storm, how unfortunate is he who sleeps while his bark is driven amid unknown waters. If life be a journey, how unwise is he who strays from the right road, nor seeks to return until the twilight shadows gather round his pathway.

The idea that a plebeian in one business will be a leading character in another, is a fallacy. Drives of men are full, drives of cattle; the leading ox of today, will be the leading ox during the whole journey, while the cattle that lag along in the rear at the start will remain in the rear to all eternity.

Friendship is often made up of the fact, that the girl calls her boy a noble youth, a hero, a man, while he calls her a portion of beauty and goodness, and so they keep talking each other until they grow tired, and then comes the wedding.

Winter, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly occupied, as if they were the property of our imaginations only to enlarge the prospect of the earth's beauty.

The influence which a man exerts is not as it is felt rather than seen, as a glowing hand, but as training our actions by gliding into the heart.

In Europe, people take of their hats to great men; in America, great men take off their hats to the people.

A "Happy" Explanation.

A large party assembled at dinner one day, in a hospitable mansion in the South of Scotland, under the genial presidency of a bachelor host. The wine went freely round; and a very long sederunt was terminated by the party, with one exception, retiring from the dining room to enjoy coffee and cigars. This exception was an elderly gentleman renowned for his social qualities, who had been selected to fill the seat at the other end of the table, and who had freely exerted himself in the performance of his duties. Not relishing the smug part of the entertainment, he kept his seat for a little while in deep meditation, and then ringing the bell, informed the old butler of his intention of retiring for the night. Thinking he saw something like a smile on the servant's face, he turned gravely round, saying, "Ah, John, I think I'll go to bed; but I'm not for John, mind that I'm not the least fond, but I'm just fatigued with drinking!"—*Dunfermline Courier.*

An old "revolutionary" says, that of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the widow Bent's, after being told by her daughter Sally, that he needn't come again, was the most so.

"Beware of the Vindictive."—It is said that a dashing widow recently entangled with her bewitching ringlets a rich old gentleman of New York city, whom she induced to part with real estate to the amount of \$80,000, which sum she converted into bills of credit and dashed off to Europe on a little holiday excursion. "O, these inveigling vipers!"

An editor at a dinner-table, being asked if he would take some pudding, he replied, "Owing to a crowd of other matters I am unable to make room for it."

"Mr. Smith," said a little fellow the other evening to his sister's beau, "I wish you wouldn't praise our Ann Maria's eyes any more. You've made her so proud now that she won't speak to cousin Laura, nor help mother the least bit."

Loquacious farmer, that once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes.

Well and Simply Said.—Shelton, in one of his sermons, says: "An upright is always easier than a sloping posture, because it is more natural, and one part is better supported by another; so it is easier to be an honest man than a knave. It is also more graceful."

An Odd Prescription.—An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at one house a box of pills, and at another six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying directions:—"Swallow one every two hours."

Domestic Bliss.—"I cannot conceive my love, what is the matter with my watch, I think it must have cleaned."

Pit Child.—"Oh no, papa dear, I don't think it wants cleaning, because baby and I had it washing in the basin for ever so long this morning."

"We would have all young men to improve what time their sweethearts rise in the morning, and how they spend their days; and the young women to be just as inquisitive concerning their swains. It may not be very pretentious to be thus prying, but it may save a world of trouble by-and-by."

The world would be more happy if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship. But money engrosses all our deference; and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of life.

When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You beat it about the head till it seems to have given up the ghost, and lo! the next day it is as healthy as ever.

Among the phenomena of the day we have to add one not less surprising than any that has fallen under the notice of Naturalists. A friend has sent to our office a couple of Ring-necked Pheasants, which, strange to relate, possess such vital powers as to indicate the lower end of the young Noah bird, the world being so full of defects. It would appear that the world is not so completely a species of mental imbecility. An eminent naturalist of this city has seen this phenomenon, and to regard it as one of the most extraordinary ever recorded in Natural History.—*Charleston News.*

Warning Stockings.—Two centuries ago not one person in a thousand wore a stocking. Now, if you go to a party of five hundred, you will find one person in a thousand without them. Yet William Law, the master of the stocking-trade, could get no person to purchase his invention, and he died of a broken heart.

Rapid Passage.—The ship Hesper, Captain McKim, arrived last evening from Shanghai, China, which place she left on the 22d of November, making the passage in eighty days, being, we are informed, the shortest run ever made between the two ports. The Hesper left New York for San Francisco on the 14th of March, and made there six weeks, and has gone round the world in eleven months and five days.—*N. Y. Com. Ad.*

Sublime Eloquence.

The following beautiful extracts are taken from the peroration of a speech delivered by Gen. Cass, at a celebration of the completion of the Wabash and Erie Canal:

"I have stood upon the plain of Marathon, the battle field of liberty. It is silent and desolate. Neither Greek nor Persian is there to give life and animation to the scene. It is bounded by sterile hills on one side, and lashed by the eternal waves of the Egean sea on the other. But Greek and Persian were once there, and that dreary spot was alive with hostile armies, who fought the great fight which rescued Greece from the yoke of Persia."

"I have stood upon the hill of Zion, the city of Jerusalem, the scene of our Redeemer's sufferings, and crucifixion and ascension. But the sceptre has departed from Judah, and its glory from the capital of Solomon. The Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman, the Arab, the Turk, and the Crusader, have passed over this chief place of Israel, and have left it of its power and beauty. Well has the denunciation of the prophet of misfortunes been fulfilled, when he declared that 'the Lord had set his face against this city for evil, and not for good.' When he pronounced the words of the Most High, 'I will cause to cease from the city of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride; for the land shall be desolate.'"

The New Testament.

The parables of the New Testament are eminently practical. They teach a lesson that may be happily practiced every day. The parable of the ten talents is intended to show that each man will be called to account, and judged according to his pretensions and advantages. The humble individual, whose example extends over a small circle, will not be held to as strict an account as the ruler, who stands as it were on a pinnacle, and is seen and observed by multitudes. The faults of the more individual are like the errors of a pocket watch which affect only an individual; but when a man, high in position and office, errs, it is like the broken clock going wrong—it leads thousands into error.

Public Speaking.—"I never," says Pope, "could speak in public. And I don't believe, if it was a set thing, I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them with great pleasure. When I appeared for the Bishop of Rochester, on his trial, though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain point, (how that Bishop spent his time when I was at Bromley,) I made two or three blunders in it, notwithstanding the row of lords, which was all I could see, were mostly of my acquaintance."

Professor Newman says, that it is a mathematical certainty, that if the existing population of the world were to increase for about eleven or twelve centuries, at the same rate as the British population has done for some time past, no room would be left on the solid earth for men, women and children to stand upon, allowing only a square foot for each.

Estimated Number of Visitors at the World's Fair.—Mr. Thomas Miller, of Edinburgh, in a short pamphlet on the probable effects of the Exhibition on Railways, puts forward some calculations, which are the first of the kind.

He says the visitors will be—foreign and colonial, 2,000,000; English, Welsh, Highlanders and Irish, 5,000,000. The total, 7,000,000, must, he says, all be travellers twice, coming and going; but he says they will be rated as separate passengers for each line over which they

KETS, in great va.
A. ARNOLD.
Newspaper **ARCHIVE** & Co.

From the New York Tribune.

Patriotism—Two Kinds.

You could not worse insult an American than to tell him his countrymen could be flogged, man to man, by any other people on the face of the earth. Bunker Hill he considers a first-rate fight (as it was); the capture of Burgoyne a magnificent affair; and the victory of New Orleans one of the most brilliant in the annals of mankind. That ours is a great country, and our people the smartest, most intelligent, ingenious and capable of any that live or have lived, is a firm article in the National creed.

But when they come to products and purchases, they have a strange way of forgetting all this. Everybody (that is, the great majority) act as if a Yankee could not possibly be trusted to do anything requiring genius or skill. Every sixpenny huckster advertises his sugars as from Havana; his liquors (villainous outgrowth stuff they be) as from France or Holland; his wares as from England or Germany. Iron must be Swedish or Scotch to pass muster; though all Europe together has not so various nor so excellent ores as those of our own broad domain. Our Cloths must all be British, German or French, or nobody that is anybody thinks them worth wearing. "Have you any American cloth?" asked a lady in a large dry-goods store of our City, a few days since, intending to buy a coat-pattern for her husband. "No Ma'am," replied the smiling clerk, "no gentleman wears American cloth." That is the every day talk of salesmen, not with regard to cloths only, and nobody thinks of getting knocked down for it. Yet let any man speak with like contempt of our National dexterity and efficiency in throat-cutting, and he could not walk the streets with safety.

But not merely do our peddlers of tape and dunnery commend their goods as Foreign, made so that their price may be enhanced and their sale quickened, but our artisans and manufacturers themselves knuckle to this base, blind prejudice in favor of articles "dear bought and far-fetched," as though it were a decree of Fate. We believe there are not less than thirty millions of Dollars' worth of American Products sold every year to our own people as of foreign origin, with French stamps and jaw-cracking Dutch labels affixed to fortify the deception. Our Cloths are exported to the Canadas and sold freely as American, at a profit to the maker after paying an equal import duty with their British competitors; while on our own side of the border the British cloths crowd them almost out of the market, though ours have the advantage of a duty nominally thirty per cent. on the importation of Foreign Cloths. Many a French print which has sold readily at twenty to thirty cents is speedily initiated here and sold thirty to fifty per cent. lower, going off briskly so long as it is supposed to be French; but let its American production be admitted, and it must fall far lower before it finds purchasers. Thus Messrs. Hankin & Ryd in the Bowery are extensive manufacturers of very good and very cheap hosiery; but to coax our Republican damsels to put their feet into their otherwise faultless stockings, they find it expedient to put a *British Crown* on the upper portion thereof. This is a fair specimen of American servility to European taste and fashion. Our dry goods stores are full of American fabrics contrived to imitate and pass for Foreign articles every way their interiors, save in the colonial ideas of our people and the consequent false pretences under which they are submitted to the public.

Those who urge that American fabrics are abundantly protected by twenty and thirty per cent. duties ought to consider these facts. American anti-National prejudices, and the ignorant presumption that a Foreign fabric must be better than its American counterpart, because such was the fact thirty years ago, create a discrimination of more than twenty per cent. against American fabrics generally. If we could but overcome these prejudices, and utterly eradicate them, a much lower duty than is now required would be sufficient.

Noble Movement—Relief of Louis Kossuth and his Associates.—The following joint resolution was introduced into the Senate, by Mr. Foote, and passed, and will doubtless receive the prompt approval of the House of Representatives.

"Whereas the people of the United States sincerely sympathize with the Hungarian exiles, Kossuth and his associates, and fully appreciate the magnanimous conduct of the Turkish Government in receiving and treating these noble exiles with kindness and hospitality; and whereas, if it is the wish of these exiles to emigrate to the United States, and the will of the Sultan to permit them to leave his dominions;—Therefore,

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, requested to authorize the employment of some one of the public vessels which may now be cruising in the Mediterranean, to receive and convey to the United States the said Louis Kossuth and his associates in captivity."

Seven Persons Seriously Injured.—On Saturday morning last, while the steamboat Hindoo was fast on the rocks at Louisville, with a cable extended ashore, to pull her off, the Pennsylvania came up, ran against the cable with great force, pulling the captain out of the boat, breaking off seventeen stanchions, &c. Seven of the passengers, three being women, were crushed up together with the splinters, boxes, &c., and except along the deck twenty feet. None of them were killed, but badly mangled, and one or two will probably not recover. A Mrs. Costerman, of Cincinnati, was taken to the main boat, to be carried back to this city. The captain of the Pennsylvania, it is said, was requested not to go over the cable, but he persisted in doing it. —*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Fire—Destruction of Loss of Life.—The dwelling house belonging to Mr. Peter Vergey, in Colebrookdale township, Berks county, Pa., was destroyed by fire, on Tuesday last week, and his youngest son, 3 years old, perished in the flames. Mr. V. was called from home at the time, leaving a family of several daughters, two of whom were grown, an infant nephew and two sons in the house. He had been a widower for some time, and on Monday previous had married a second time, a widow. On Wednesday he paid his wife a visit, with the intention of bringing her to his home. Upon returning the following morning, he found his dwelling a heap of ruins, and his youngest son burnt to death.

Singular Case.—A woman in the first Municipality of New Orleans, about four weeks ago, presented her husband with three fine boys at a birth. On the morning of the 16th, the woman was again taken ill and soon afterwards gave birth to a fourth boy. The children are all doing well.

Tragedy.—At Blair Furnace, near Hollidaysburg, on Sunday of last week, a man named Peck, killed his daughter with a hatchet, and before the murder was discovered, he drowned himself in a saw-mill dam. He was partially insane.

The inhabitants of the Western Highlands of Scotland, have been gradually descending in the scale of civilization for the last forty years.

The Population of the U. States.

The National Intelligence is indebted to the kindness of the Superintendent of the Census for the following table of the population of the United States, as near as can be ascertained at present from the certificates of the marshals; the ratio of representation and number of Representatives to each State; which amount of population will give; the fractions left to each State, &c., &c.

States.	Free population.	Slaves.	Number of Representatives and fractions.
Maine,	582,026,	6	22,970
N. Hampshire,	318,003,	3	38,475
Massachusetts,	994,724,	10	62,964
Vermont,	214,322,	3	34,791
Rhode Island,	147,349,	1	54,373
Connecticut,	370,913,	3	91,385
New York,	3,098,818,	33	24,010
New Jersey,	489,868,	52	54,019
Pennsylvania,	2,311,204,	25	11,804
Ohio,	1,981,940,	21	58,494
Indiana,	991,255,	10	58,494
Wisconsin,	303,596,	3	26,668
Michigan,	397,576,	4	24,872
Illinois,	850,001,	9	14,116
Iowa,	192,000,	2	5,618
California,	200,000,	2	13,818
Maryland,	492,061,	5	80,994
Virginia,	941,000,	13	4,712
N. Carolina,	575,000,	8	2,640
S. Carolina,	280,000,	5	24,120
Georgia,	555,000,	8	25,892
Florida,	45,000,	25	0
Alabama,	440,000,	6	78,994
Mississippi,	300,000,	5	26,120
Louisiana,	250,000,	3	90,472
Texas,	120,000,	1	56,824
Arkansas,	150,000,	1	83,824
Missouri,	580,000,	1	85,872
Tennessee,	800,000,	10	18,240
Kentucky,	752,000,	9	70,016
Delaware,	90,277,	2	3,332

ENTIRE POPULATION.

Free States.	Free Slaves.
13,571,797	3,078,231
State Slaves.	3,078,231
District and territories.	197,985
20,182,720	3,078,231

The entire representative population is about 21,710,000. The ratio of representation will be about 93,170.

As the law of 23d of May, 1850, determines the number of representatives at 233, and as but 222 of these are provided for in the foregoing table, without taking them from fractions, it will be necessary to select from the States thirteen having the largest fractions, to each of which is to be assigned a representative, to make up the entire number.

The States entitled to representatives for such fractions will most probably be Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Indiana, Maryland, Alabama, Kentucky, Texas, Arkansas, Missouri and Louisiana—16.

The States which gain, irrespective of the fraction, will be Pennsylvania, Illinois 2, Mississippi 1, Michigan 1, Missouri 1—6.

The States which gain in all, are as follows: viz. Arkansas 1, Indiana 1, Illinois 2, Massachusetts 1, Mississippi 1, Michigan 1, Missouri 2, Pennsylvania 1—10.

The following States lose, viz.: Maine 1, New Hampshire 1, New York 1, North Carolina 1, South Carolina 2, Vermont 1, Virginia 2, Rhode Island 1—10.

The free States gain six members and lose four. The slave States gain four and lose six.

Destructive Fire—Two Men Burned to Death.

About three o'clock, on Sunday morning, a large frame building, owned by Benjamin Martin, Sr., situated in the vicinity of Front and Greenview streets, Philadelphia, and used for a barn and hay press, was set fire to, and with its contents, was literally destroyed. The building contained about forty tons of hay, and a valuable press, which was put up a short time since at a cost of \$1700. The total loss is estimated at \$2500, upon which there was no insurance. Horrible to relate, among the ruins after daylight, two human bodies were discovered which were so dreadfully burned as to prevent their identification. They were taken in charge by the Coroner for interment. It is supposed that the deceased were regular "barn sleepers," who had taken shelter there for the night. One of the bodies was found in the press apartment, and this leads to the belief that one was endeavoring to make his escape, but was checked in his flight by the smoke and flames.

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The inhabitants of the Western Highlands of Scotland, have been gradually descending in the scale of civilization for the last forty years.

Magnanimous people are the Brooklynites! The other evening their Common Council appropriated the immense sum of thirty dollars for the celebration of Washington's Birth-day, and burnt more than \$30 worth of candles debating even that.

Y. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, is the only authorized Agent for the cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the rates as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His offices are—BOSTON, Scollay's Building; NEW YORK, Tribune Buildings, PHILADELPHIA, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts.

Baltimore Price Current.

Flour,	4 25 to 4 31
Wheat,	95 to 1 00
Corn,	65 to 68
Barley,	57 to 58
Oats,	2 10 to 2 41
Beef Cattle,	6 00 to 7 25

Married.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sechler, Mr. JEREMIAH W. DIERL, of New Oxford, to Miss ISABELLA, daughter of Wm. Albright, Esq. of Hanover.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. JACOB FORN, to Miss MARGARET ANN HEDMAN—both of the same place.

On the 25th ult. by Rev. J. Ulrich, Mr. ANDREW LERAW, to Miss ELIZABETH LERAW—all of this county.

On the 11th ult. by the same, Mr. JOHN COLEMAN, to Miss SUSAN STITZEL—all of this county.

Died.

On the 23d ult. JOHN WILKINSON, Esq. of Huntington township, aged 91 years 6 months and 15 days.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH ECKERT, of Mountjoy township, in the 82d year of her age.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. DOROTHY SELTZER, of Cumberland township, aged 66 years 10 months and 19 days.

On the 13th ult. at the hotel of Mr. Jacob May, Pikesville, Baltimore county, Md. after an illness of six days, Mr. DAVID THOMPSON, son of Mr. David Thompson, of Adams county, Pa.

At Columbia on the 18th ult. in the 50th year of his age, MICHAEL STALL, Esq. formerly of Gettysburg.

The members of "The Whig County Committee of Adams County, are requested to meet in Gettysburg, on Tuesday the 18th day of March inst. at 11 o'clock, A. M. It is hoped every member of the Committee will be present, as there are questions of importance to be acted upon.

A. R. STEVENSON, Chairman.

T. V. & T.

At the request of a number of citizens, and with a view to do justice to those who, having purchased tickets, were unable to gain admission to our recent celebration, the Cadets of Temperance have been induced to give another rehearsal of speeches, dialogues, &c., which will take place in MCCONAUGH'S HALL, on Friday night the 7th of March inst. In this "throwing ourselves again upon the liberality of the public," we have not flattered ourselves with the idea that our performances exhibit any particular merit. We know well and fully appreciate the motive which prompted the encouraging demonstration on our behalf on the 23d ult., and we have been moved to a repetition of our rehearsal by no other consideration than the welfare of our beloved Section, whose interests will be greatly promoted by the acquisition of a Library, such as, with the proceeds of another liberally patronized exhibition, we shall be able to procure.

The number of tickets will be limited, so that those who may purchase tickets will have guaranteed to them comfortable seats. The programme will be changed, and will embrace a number of new and interesting Speeches and Dialogues.

Doors open at 6 o'clock, exercises to commence at 7. Tickets can be had at either of the Bookstores of the place.

R. Clay Hametly, Hamilton Smith,
Michael Adler, R. C. Gilbert,
Charles Ziegler, David Troell,
Committee.

COLLECTORS, TAKE NOTICE.

THE Collectors of Taxes in the different Townships of Adams county, who have not settled up their duplicates, are hereby notified that they will be required to settle up their duplicates on or before Tuesday the 18th day of March next, on which day the Commissioners will meet to give the necessary exonerations.

It is hoped that Collectors will attend to the above, as after that date interest will be required on all outstanding taxes, and their collection enjoined.

J. G. MORNINGSTAR,
JOHN MUSSELMAN, JR.,
JACOB GREIST,
Attorneys at Law, Adams county, Pa.

NOTICE.

THE County of William Bittiger, Executor of Joseph Bittiger, Trustee of GEORGE B. TITZER, Lunatic, having been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, the said Court has appointed Monday the 21st day of April next, for the confirmation and allowance of said Account, unless cause to the contrary be shown.

By the Court,
JOHN PICKING, Prok'y.

BOOKSELLERS.

Country Merchants and Teachers.

WE respectfully request the attention of all dealers in SCHOOL BOOKS, MANICULAR or BLANK BOOKS, STATIONERY, PAPER and WINDOW SHADES, to our competition in the supplying at unusually low rates, for cash or approved credit, every article pertaining to our business.

A long and active experience warrants us in saying that we can offer inducements to purchasers, equalled by few—exceeded by none.

We earnestly ask an examination of our mode of conducting business, believing that an experiment made, it will be found for the interest of those desiring goods in our line to continue operating with us.

Our stock is at all seasons large, and selected with particular reference to the wants of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the near trade generally.

Orders by mail or otherwise dispatched promptly, and at the lowest rates known in any market.

The highest price given for RAGS in cash. PECK & BLISS,
North East Corner of Third and 3rd sts., Philadelphia 1m

SOMETHING NEW AND USEFUL.

AMUSEMENT FOR THE MILION.

NOW published, at a price suited to all, a novel and beautiful measure, adapted for either sex, young and old, entitled

"Waltz's Nature's Tinting."

It is available at a low rate, and gives explicit directions by which even persons unable to draw, can, by the aid of colored light, produce the most splendid imitations of Marble, Nature, Painted and Stained Glass, Birds, Fruits and Flowers, in pure white, or of the most delicate tints. It is not only an untiring pastime, but is applicable to a vast variety of useful and ornamental purposes, as easily accomplished that failure is impossible. 25 cents per copy, or 50 cents with a handsome finished specimen included.

For sale by WILSON & CO., 13 Spruce Street, New York.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

To all the Heirs and Legal Representatives of

MINNIE SPURGEON,

LATE of Oxford township, Adams county, deceased, to wit: Henry Sturgeon, Lindsey Sturgeon, John Sturgeon, and Frederick Sturgeon (the petitioner) Margaret, intermarried with Joseph Stough, Sarah Ann Sturgeon, a minor, having for her guardian Jacob Martin, of said county, and Grandchildren, the issue of his deceased daughter Eliza, (who was intermarried with Moses Lockhart), to wit: Andrew J. Lockhart, and Margaret Jane Lockhart, minors, and having for their guardian, Ann, William S. Robert, L. and Alexander Sturgeon, all minors, and having for their guardian Jacob Martin, of said county—that an

INQUEST

will be held on Monday the 14th day of April next, at 12 o'clock, m., on the premises, upon the following Property, to wit:

No. 1. A certain Farm, or Tract of Land, situate in Oxford township, adjoining lands of Matthew Tompkins, Francis Felix, Christian Lawrence, and others, containing Ninety-two Acres and One Hundred and Forty Perches. The improvements thereon are a two-story Farm Dwelling-house, brick kitchen, bank barn, spring house, two springs near the house, and appurtenances. About 14 Acres of a woodland, and about 15 Acres are Meadow, and the remainder good arable land, in a good state of cultivation.

No. 2. A Tract of Woodland, situate on the Pigeon Hills, in Berwick township, adjoining lands of Joseph Shaller, and others, known as Nos. 6 and 7, containing Nine Acres and One Hundred and Four Perches.

No. 3. A Tract of Woodland, situate on said Pigeon Hills, and township aforesaid, adjoining lands of Henry Lett, Lawrence Oyster, and known as No. 9, containing Five Acres and Twenty Perches.

No. 4. A Tract of Land, situate in the town of New Oxford, and county aforesaid, including four Lots, to wit: No. 173, 55, and two Lots on Pitt street, adjoining No. 173, lying in one body and improved as follows: a one-and-a-half-story Log Dwelling-house, a log Stable, a well of water, and appurtenances.

No. 5. Two Lots of Ground, lying in one body, in said town of Oxford, known as Nos. 3 and 6. The improvements thereon are a two-story Frame Dwelling-house, frame Stable, and well of water and appurtenances.

To make partition of said premises to and among the heirs and legal representatives of the said deceased, if the same will admit of partition, without prejudice to or spoiling the whole thereof; but if the same will not admit of such partition, then to divide the same into as many parts as the same will accommodate, and part and divide the same to and amongst as many of the heirs as the same will accommodate; but if the same will not admit of division at all, without prejudice to or spoiling the whole thereof, then to value and appraise the same whole and undivided.

WILLIAM FICKES, Sheriff.

Collateral Inheritance Tax.

STATEMENT of the amount of Collateral Inheritance Tax, passing through the hands of WILLIAM W. HAMERSLY, Register of Adams County, from the 1st day of December, A. D. 1849, to the 30th day of November, A. D. 1850, inclusive, viz:

1849 Estate of Martina Brinkerhoff,	31 67
" George Barr,	28 29
" David Travel,	22 50
" Isaac Baugher,	175 09
" Mary Rimeck,	64 80
" George Linger,	33 39
" Nicholas Wierman,	30 09
" George Wertz,	183 00
" A. M. Neely,	8 00
" William Clark,	27 38
" Martin Gardner,	59 71
" Mary D. Edie,	7 50
" John Stuart,	240 31
" David Ploutz,	15 00
" John Cline,	30 00
" William C. Rhea,	108 00
" James Rhea,	195 20
" Jacob Wilcox,	117 00
" Jacob Gibbs,	3 06
" Stephen White,	12 50
" William Riddlemoser,	2 00
" Elizabeth Rhea,	15 67
" David Horner,	65 11
" Nancy Rhea,	41 04
" Mary Rhea,	20 37
" Elizabeth Rippe,	10 00
" Mary Dietrick,	14 25
" Grizzel Pedon,	8 53
" Elizabeth Erhart,	8 51
" William Guinn,	36 43
" Hannah Adair,	7 15
" Samuel Harper,	6 35
" George Cole,	12 50
" Catharine M. Knight,	25 00
" Henry Harbaugh,	157 73
" Elizabeth Houghtelin,	50 00
" Margaret Gilliland,	114 75
" Elizabeth Eyster,	13 75
" Frederick Foster,	18 75
" James McKnight,	42 50
" Elizabeth Keech,	22 00

Deduct 5 per cent. for use of Register, 113 05

\$2,281 60

\$2148 52

1851, February 5th I, the undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County, under the provisions of the Act of General Assembly, passed April 21st, A. D. 1846, do hereby certify, that the above is a correct statement of the amount of Collateral Inheritance Tax passing through the hands of W. W. HAMERSLY, Register of the County of Adams, in the same respects by the books and records of said office, during the year commencing December 1st, A. D. 1849, and ending with November 30th, A. D. 1850.

SAMUEL A. NEELY, Auditor.

TAVERN LICENSES.

In the matter of the intended application of Wm. W. HAMILTON, for License to keep a Public House in the Town of Petersburg, Adams County.

WE, the undersigned, citizens of Huntington township, Adams county, being well acquainted with Wm. W. HAMILTON, the above petitioner, and also having a knowledge of the house for which License is applied for, do hereby certify, that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public, and entertain strangers and travellers, and that the above petitioner is a person of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he is well provided with house-room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

Anthony Deardorff, John How,
J. B. Weller, Samuel Lushbaugh,
Sam'l S. Spengler, R. C. Livingston,
Peter D. Jellie, Benj. Gaidner,
George W. Price, John R. Palkay,
Samuel Lemer, Wm. Vance.

In the matter of the intended application of MICHAEL HOFFMAN, for License to keep a Public House in Abingtontown, Adams county—being an old stand.

WE, the undersigned, citizens of Abingtontown, in said county of Adams, being well acquainted with MICHAEL HOFFMAN, the above petitioner, and also having a knowledge of the house for which License is applied for, do hereby certify, that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public, and entertain strangers and travellers, and that the above petitioner is a person of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he is well provided with house-room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

Joseph Berlin, Henry Marer,
Wm. Bittiger, Samuel Haver,
M. Eschberger, George Jolly,
John Pfeizer, Henry Koble,
Samuel Wolf, D. E. Hollinger,
Samuel Wilson, Theodore Pfeizer.

March 3.

By Cash paid out as follows:

in said county of Adams, being well ac-
quainted with Michael HOFFMAN, the above per-
son and also having a know ledge of the house
a license is prayed for, do certify that

MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT
On the Boston Riot.

Free Slaves.—The Boston Traveller reports that probably one hundred slaves have left Boston within a

